

## **Highway Cruising by Phaserburn**

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**Summary:**

Steve agrees to meet up with Billy to bury the hatchet, but are they on the same page about what that entails?

## Highway Cruising

Steve shivered. Whatever lingering warmth his car's heater had pumped through the vent had dissipated, and now he was left with the fog on his windows. He checked his wristwatch again. 11 pm. Well past curfew, if that mattered anymore. He had known how to sneak in and out of his house even before his life became a pulp sci-fi novel, but now rules like those seemed so small. And Billy didn't seem the kind to have ever cared.

He'd gone back and forth between wanting to turn the engine on and get some heat back in the car and being certain that Billy would be there any minute, and in the end had done nothing for the last hour. If he turned the engine on, he wasn't sure he wouldn't just chicken out and leave.

He wiped the condensation from his windshield, staring at the treeline. It was dark, lit only by the billboard Billy had told him to park near and the moon. On either side of him was the empty highway and the trees.

He looked at his watch again. 11:03. He once again considered leaving and facing the consequences later, but decided against it. This entire meeting was about dealing with the consequences, not creating more. Ever since their fight, Billy had chilled out considerably, but there was still a definite tension between the two of them that they couldn't quite overcome. An tense aggression. Half the time Steve didn't know where he stood; if Billy was going to save his life or sell him out. And the fact that his black eye and Billy's busted lip took plenty of time to heal didn't help things either.

Billy was always changing his tune, starting conversations with Steve that seemed to go nowhere and then leaving in a hurry after saying nothing at all. The time in the shower, when he tried to console him about his break up. The night after he picked up Dustin and Max from the arcade and Billy caught him as he was backing out of his driveway. And then this morning, when he had stumbled up to Steve's seat in gym, and started poking. He had seemed surprised when Steve asked to talk privately, his usual chill, asshole persona shaken off course. Steve played along as he set up this sketchy

meeting, not asking questions for once, which was always what scared Billy off.

And now Billy was 34 minutes late.

Cursing, he turned on his car again, letting the engine heat and the air circulate. He wasn't going anywhere, but he had the gas to burn, and he wasn't going to freeze to death before he got the satisfaction of understanding what his problem was.

Ten minutes later, Steve was woken up to the sound of ACDC playing over an incoming stereo, as headlights illuminated his fogged windshield.

The music cut off as the car came to a stop, and Steve turned off his own engine as well. Steeling his suddenly racing heart, he stepped out into the cold.

Billy was wearing his usual jean jacket, with the same white shirt underneath from school, left unbuttoned on the top half so the defined muscles of his chest were on full display. The necklace on his chest bounced as he walked toward Steve's car.

He opened a carton of cigarettes, pulled one out and started lighting it. The flash of fire lit up the face, highlighting his arched brow and lazy, quiet eyes. The end of the cigarette flared red and then died, and his face was obscured by darkness and a thin line of smoke.

"Do you have to smoke now?" Steve asked, curling his nose. He had never been a fan of the smell when his friends had smoked, and he hadn't missed it since he started spending less time with them. One of a few things he didn't miss.

Billy exhaled, tilting his head back so the long strands of hair fell out of his face. "Helps me relax. You'll appreciate that later," he said, but after a moment of silence, he put it out on the hood of Steve's car, tucking the remaining cigarette in his pocket.

"You're late," Steve said.

"I got caught up," he said, "but I'm here. Why, are you having second thoughts?"

Steve knit his brow. “What, no. I meant what I said before. I want to clear the air.”

Billy nodded. He moved until the two were standing face to face, staring each other down the way they had from the beginning. “You ever do this kind of thing before?”

Steve looked around. “Definitely not like this. Way out in the woods in the middle of the night.”

Billy shrugged, still not breaking his gaze. His blue eyes had a glint to them, revealing an excitement. His breath continued to come out in a fog, like the smoke he had exhaled later. He was warm, like the fires that had lit him up inside and out before. The closer he got, the warmer Steve felt.

“It’s private,” Billy said. “I’ve learned to appreciate that.”

“Well you’re not wrong about that,” Steve said. He smelled a sharp, sour smell in Billy’s breath. “Are you drunk?”

“I had a couple beers, Harrington. Nothing to get prissy over,” he said. He was mostly stable, as far as Steve could tell. At most, he seemed more relaxed, exuding his usual carefree charm he hadn’t shown since their huge fight.

“You could have hurt someone,” Steve said.

“Well, I didn’t,” Billy replied

“Not yet,” Steve said.

Billy shrugged, but he stepped away. “To be honest, I kind of needed to take the edge off. When I do stuff like this.”

“Yeah,” Steve said. He leaned against the hood of the car. It was still warm. “I’m pretty nervous too.”

“So, how are we doing this?” Billy said.

“I guess we just get it all out at once? Can’t say I’ve ever done this before.”

Billy looked surprised. “Really. To be honest I pegged you for... the type.”

“The type?” Steve said. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

Billy raised his arms in surrender. “Hey, no harm intended. I’m here too remember.”

Steve relaxed. His heart was racing. His eyes hadn’t quite adjusted to the unlit street, but he swore he saw a flash of fear pass across his sharp brow.

“So, do you have a preference?” Billy asked.

“Preference?”

“You know. Are you leading or am I?”

“I guess I’ll lead,” Steve said. But after he said that, it suddenly occurred to him that he didn’t know what to say. Sure, there were apologies that he was waiting for; for beating him up, for egging him on about Nancy, a general apology for the way he had treated the team. But in general, Billy had relaxed. They talked now, even if it was in the enigmatic way that Billy tended to operate. And the apologies would work better if they came unprompted anyways.

In the end, what he really wanted to know, was why Billy seemed to hate him.

Billy seemed to like his answer. “Was hoping you’d say that, if I’m honest.”

Steve swallowed. What should be bring up first? What would make him seem the least childish, the least insecure? And why did he care so much what Billy thought about his complaints anyways.

“Well, enough talking,” Billy said.

Enough, Steve thought. A moment before Billy had crossed the distance between them, and was kissing him. He was softer than Steve expected, between the stray strands of hair that became caught between their cheeks and his lips, but the embrace was hard. His

hand grabbed the sides of Steve's face, pulling him in and keeping him still. His fingers curled around his head, like he were holding a glass vase he was scared of dropping. The kiss was rough, hungry, and he tasted like vodka.

Steve jerked away, throwing his arms up. Billy reached out to grab him once before thinking better of it.

The two stared, Billy seeming more haggard than he had a minute before. Smaller. Steve too, wasn't sure how he looked. He felt like he was taking inventory of his own body, and recreating the scene from that. The pressure on the sides of his head where Billy's fingers had grabbed him and gently pulled his hair. The chill where his mouth had left a mark on his.

Billy turned towards his car in a rush, the sound of cracking leaves and foliage beneath his feet breaking the tension. Steve grabbed Billy's arm to stop him, only to be caught off guard when Billy spun around, fist pulled back in a ready punch.

"Woah, woah, I thought we were past that," Steve said. They were frozen, Steve keeping his grip on Billy's arm and Billy not lowering his threat. Steve could feel Billy's pulse racing, and he noticed a tense shiver in his arm.

"Don't... leave, okay," Steve said, letting go. Billy shook his arm, as though he had forced Steve off, but he lowered his fist and didn't try to leave again. He reached into his pocket and pulled out his cigarette, lit it again, and took a long drag. Steve didn't try to stop him this time.

Halfway through exhaling the cloud of smoke, Billy coughed.

"I thought you smoked more often than that?" Steve said.

"I'm not coughing because of the smoke. I'm coughing because it tastes like ass when you relight these things."

"Then why'd you save it," he said.

Instead of answering, Billy took another drag. "Why'd you come tonight, Harrington," he asked.

Steve blinked. “I... I wanted to clear the air between us. Fix the bad blood.” Billy chuckled, and Steve buckled down. “I’m serious. We can’t keep being at each others necks. You can’t keep antagonizing me.”

The smoke made him look warm, like a fire. He had that escense about him always, the destructive yet hypnotizing power. No one he knew trusted Billy. They would work with him, or even talk to him at parties, but no one would say that they trusted him. He was a fire. He consumed, and destroyed, and accelerated. But everyone was always watching.

“I...” Steve started. “I can keep a secret, if that’s what you were worried about.”

Billy chuckled again, bitterly “Great. I’d hate to have to move again.”

There was a sharpness that he could and quite place, but made him feel guilty anyways.

“So... how often do you...”

“Hook up with other guys?” Billy said, smiling in a dramatic, performed way that showed he didn’t appreciate the question. “Not often. I put out the feelers sometimes when I think they might be into it too, but that isn’t often.” He paused again, considering his words. “You were confusing, actually.”

“Me?” Steve said.

“Yeah, you,” Billy said, drawing the words out. “You weren’t easy to read. On and off again. Never took the bait but never quite turned me down either. Even that one day, in the shower,” he chuckled weakly, laughing at a joke of his own making at his own expense. “Didn’t seem to mind when I took my time.”

Steve furrowed his brow. “Wait, you were hitting on me that whole time?”

Billy shrugged. “Not always. Sometimes I hated your guts. But at the beginning, yeah,” he said. His words smoldered in his breath, with

the shimmer of embarrassment.

Steve struggled to put the pieces together as much as Billy struggled to lay them out, and the two spent the next few minutes in their own heads. Billy worked the cherry of his cigarette towards his knuckles, and then tossed it onto the ground, crushing it under his foot.

“I’ve gotta go Harrington,” he said, turning towards his car.

“Wait, what?” he said. “What are you talking about? You’re just going to go?”

“What I was planning,” Billy said, already walking towards his car. Steve followed, punctuating his sentences with a frantic hand motions.

“But we haven’t talked. What about clearing the air? Burying the hatchet?”

“The air’s clear now,” Billy said. “Everybody’s on the same page. I’ll stay away from you and you can stay away from me.”

“But we just started to talk!” Steve yelled, echoing through abandoned woods.

“There’s nothing left to talk about Harrington,” Billy said, opening the car door he never bothered to lock. “You know I’m a faggot and that’s.”

Steve slammed his hand on the top of the door, slamming it closed out of Billy’s hand. The two stood startled, as Steve processed what he had done.

“... Don’t call yourself that,” he finally said. He had reached over Billy to close the door, and now he was standing over him, uncomfortably close to the senior. Billy, for his part, looked surprised, and more than a little off his game.

“Okay,” he said. He didn’t realize that Billy had been hunched over until he started to straighten up, and the two were eye to eye again. Steve could smell the remnants of his cigarette still on him, mixed with the smell of night blowing off the highway, and the wet smell of

the forest to their side.

“Just... let me think,” Steve said, but he couldn’t quite decide on what he wanted to think about. He thought about the half of Hargrove’s face that wasn’t hidden behind his own shadow, the peaks and valleys of his classically handsome features. He thought about the sound of his own heart, beating into his ears. He thought about Billy’s hand, once again reaching for him and this time finding his waist. And in the end, the only thought that he could keep straight was that he didn’t want Billy to leave just yet, and that he could think of worse things than giving this a shot and sorting out what his excitement meant afterwards.

Billy tasted like burnt coffee, and the residual smoke stung Steve’s eyes and his nose but he kept kissing him. Steve grabbed the back of Billy’s head, his fingers falling into the soft, mess of his hair. Billy’s fingers burned a hole through Steve’s jacket, pulled at his shirt, slipped under the hem and rode up the curve of his stomach and up to his chest. His entire shirt was untucked shortly, as he fumbled with the button of his jeans.

Billy, to his part, was quick to undo his own clothes, tossing his jacket on the ground behind him. He opened the door, and fell backwards onto his backseat, unbuttoning his pants. Steve hesitated, watching the expanse of skin unfold for him in the sudden brightness of the cars overhead light. He was certainly strapping, tight in all the places Steve sometimes felt soft. And his dick, was hard and stuck tight to his stomach in an upward curve.

“Well,” Billy said, tossing his pants under the passenger seat and flashing one of his sharky smile that made all the girls in school melt. “You gonna join me or what?”

“Do you think this is safe?” Steve asked. “You know. Getting fully...”

“Middle of nowhere Harrington. Not even a cruising spot, and this town has four cops on a bad day. This is a good night.” Steve stayed put, and Billy sat up. “Listen, we don’t have to do anything if you don’t want to.”

Steve swallowed with a dry mouth. “No, I want to.”

Billy smiled again, and moved down the seat so he was sitting on its edge. Steve had already undone his button, so all Billy had to do was undo the zipper and pull. His pants and underwear came down in one swift motion, low enough for his erection to spring into action.

"Not bad, Harrington," he said. "Surprised I haven't heard more about this." Billy grabbed it at the base, giving a few experimental tugs which sent waves of pleasure through Steve's body. He played until he learned the curves of Steve's dick, the spots that he liked to be touched and the places that would make his body shiver. And then he ducked his head and swallowed his cock into the warm, tunnel of his mouth.

Steve moaned from shock, curling forward and fistng Billy's hair in a teasing sting. Billy laid his tongue below his lovers cock as his body pistoned forward naturally, darting deeper and deeper. Steve was shocked to receive little resistance, and began to wonder just how much experience the other man had had before he had made his way to Hawthorne.

Steve opened eyes he hadn't even realized he had closed and looked down Billy, who in turn looked up at him, eyes wide and playful.

He rose with a start, coughing and wiped the spit from his mouth. "Nancy ever do that for you?" Billy said, cockily.

"Shut up, Hargrove," Steve said. He pushed Billy onto his back and crawled over him, tasting himself on Billys tongue. Billy's cock smeared precum onto his leg as the two pressed together, and his own dick left wet marks on Billy's stomach.

Billy reached for the pants he had tossed away and pulled out a plastic jar he shoved into Steve's hand. "Make me shut up."

Steve took the bottle of vaseline, feeling the blood rush from his head to his throbbing cock. He almost stopped to consider things before deciding he liked it better when he ran with his instincts. He tore open the jar, helping himself to a healthy portion before smearing it on his dick. Billy took a portion for himself, and lead the way, feeling around his ass with his fingers. His face bloomed with different expressions, tiny gasps and moans as he went about stretching his

hole, and Steve watched until his excitement was too strong, and he was kissing him again. He felt Billy's arm move under his chest, fingering himself until he signaled to Steve that he was ready, and guided him towards his sanctum.

It was so different from the sex he had had before, more resistant, but with a little pressure Steve felt Billy's hole give way, and his head slipped into the tight confines of his ass. He went slowly, guided forward by Billy's hand, his fingers clawing into the fleshy portions of his hip. Slowly but surely he dug his way forward until his skin met Billy's and they were connected.

Billy lay still, eyes closed and breathing slowly through his mouth.

"Hey," Steve said, his own voice a self conscious whisper. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah," Billy said. He didn't whisper, but he spoke softly, with breathy words.

"We can stop," Steve said, still aware of Billy's hands holding him with stiff fingers, pulling him closer.

"No, I want this," Billy said. "It's just been a while."

"When was the last time?" Steve asked.

"When did I move?" Billy flashed another smile, but this time his mouth was open, still breathing deeply, and it was an experience across his entire face. His hole pulsed with a more erratic tempo, squeezing Steve's cock suddenly and then relaxing. Steve moved his hips an inch experimentally, and then forward again, establishing a slow rhythm.

He grew bolder, picking up speed with an eye on his lovers face. He kept count of the moans; Billy's and his own. The cold breeze from outside washed against his back as he pushed, and the two gathered heat.

The two were a mess of hands, Billy's dragging down Steve's back, Steve's behind Billy's neck, fingers interlocked with his hair, Billy's at the top of Steve's thigh, pulling him closer, Steve's locked stiff against

the seat, holding him up, Billy's fisting his own dick in tempo with Steve's thrusts, Steve's on Billy's chest, gripping the muscle of his pecs.

He felt his orgasm building early, and fought with it. The two climbed their respective peaks, moderating themselves to allow the other to catch up and then proceeding forward, until they were bubbling like a shaken coke.

"Are you close?" Steve asked.

"Yeah," Billy said.

"I wanna... see it," Steve said. His made his thrusts more forceful, pressing against the spots that Billy had expressed the most pleasure from with more definition. Billy moaned with an open, unhindered pleasure. His ass squeezed, as his entire body went rigid. His cum shot forward like a spitting cobra, spraying across his chest.

The sight pulled Steve's own trigger soon after. He pulled out and let his load join Billy's in identical streaks. He stood on his knees over Billy's naked body, heaving as shot after shot of jism landed and mixed with Hargrove's.

The cold air began to creep hesitantly back into the car through the open door as they waited, breathing and shaking. Steve felt the head of his dick, squeezing the last drops of cum out so they hung off like the final drop of a faucet.

Billy was the first to make a sound, chuckling lowly. With his available hand, he wiped one string of cum that had reached the base of his neck and wiped it onto his chest before it dripped onto his seats.

"Mind handing me..." he asked, gesturing towards a towel on the floor, close to the open door. Steve handed it to him, and he wiped himself dry. "Gotta admit, I didn't think you had it in you."

"To do it, or to do it well?" Steve asked.

"Both," Billy said. He sat up, grabbing for his pants and putting them on. "I figured I was going to have to hold your hand the whole

thing.”

“I’m not a virgin,” Steve said. Although he did feel a bit like he had the first time he had sex: a little lost, a little confused, very excited, and more than a little curious what he was supposed to do next.

“Yeah, and you also weren’t terrible,” Billy said, rising in his seat to finish pulling his pants on. “Been a while though, so I might have settled for anything.” He settled into the seat, pointedly avoiding Steve’s eyes, as he rummaged through the jacket he had tossed aside.

Steve used Billy’s towel to dry clean himself off as well and then sat down next to him.

“I can’t believe you had a crush on me this entire time.”

“It isn’t a crush,” Billy said. He pulled another cigarette and lighter, and tried to get it to catch, but his fingers kept missing the mark.

“Whatever you want to call it. I didn’t even realize you were-”

“It’s cause I’m not,” Billy snapped.

Steve scoffed. “After that? You think you’re not?”

“Yes,” he said.

“How?”

“If you met my Dad, you’d understand.” Another draft ran through the car. Billy gave up lighting his cigarette, and tossed the lighter onto the floor. He kept the cigarette in his hand.

After a few seconds, Steve closed the door, turning off the overhead light. In the dark, Billy looked at him, confused. “What are you doing?”

“You were drinking,” he said.

“I’m barely buzzed anymore,” Billy said.

“If you get on the road again, you might hurt someone, so I’m

waiting here until you're sober," he said.

Billy scoffed, but he didn't object, even when Steve slid into the middle seat, or handed him his shirt. He slid it on clumsily, not bothering to button it.

After a while, Steve rested his head on Billy's shoulder, and Billy sat very still, like a skittish bird had landed on him. They sat in silence until the sound of the outdoors crept through the windows, and the two fell started to drift asleep to the sound of crickets.

**Author's Note:**

I know I have several fics I haven't finished but  
please leave nice things at the end of this I live off of  
positive feedback